

In Layman's Terms

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In Layman's Terms

by [AllAorde \(Bordementions\)](#)

Summary

Agnes Tachyon takes advantage of her trainer's inability to say no

Notes

Holyyyyyy moly I didn't think writing her would be this difficult, for as much as I love the character.

I apologize for how ooc this is but tis mostly hc stuff anyways and I just wanted to get it out of the way. I know she kinda speaks like this just not as much but whatever

Hope you enjoy

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

<https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz>

Three days.

Three entire days of utterly maddening silence. That was all you had to show for results.

The Satsuki Sho, one of the most prestigious G1 races of the season, was less than a week away, and your star racer, the cornerstone of your burgeoning career, had all but vanished into thin air.

Tachyon had not answered a single call, replied to a single message, or shown up to a single training session. Each meticulously planned regimen, each strategic analysis, had been met with nothing but the echoing void of her absence. You felt your stomach churn with a nauseating cocktail of anxiety and pure, unadulterated fury.

Any other umamusume would be disciplined, suspended even, but Tachyon wasn't any other umamusume. She was a generational talent, a monster of the turf who won on raw genius alone, and the academy board knew it. This gave her a leash long enough to hang you with, and right now, you could feel the rope tightening around your neck.

But right now? Enough was enough. Your reputation was on the line, but more than that, a spark of pure indignant rage had finally caught fire in your gut. You were her trainer. You were supposed to be in charge.

Your determined march carried you across the manicured lawns of Tracen Academy, away from the bustling dorms and the well-trodden paths leading to the track. The sun was beginning its slow descent, painting the sky in hues of orange and violet, but the beauty of it was lost on you.

Your destination was the old, repurposed science building at the far edge of campus, a place most students and staff avoided. As you approached, a faint, peculiar smell began to prickle at your nostrils—a sharp, sterile scent, layered with whatever sickly sweet chemicals were likely being mixed together.

The door to her designated lab was slightly ajar, a sliver of harsh, white light cutting through the deepening twilight. You shoved it open without knocking, the pent-up frustration boiling over entirely. "Tachyon!"

The name died on your lips as you took in the scene. It wasn't a laboratory. It was a hurricane made manifest.

Wires and cables snaked across the floor like snakes, plugged into a humming, groaning network of servers and strange, custom-built machines that blinked with dozens of tiny, inscrutable lights. Every flat surface was buried under teetering ziggurats of books, research papers, and printouts. Two massive whiteboards dominated one wall, covered from top to bottom in a frantic spiderweb of chemical formulas, physics equations, and anatomical diagrams of an umamusume's leg, all rendered in a dizzying array of colored markers. The air was thick with the hum of electricity and the gentle, rhythmic bubbling of liquids in beakers and flasks scattered across a massive steel workbench. Some glowed with an eerie luminescence—one a vivid fuchsia, another a pulsating, toxic green.

And in the center of it all, illuminated by the stark fluorescent overheads, was Tachyon.

She was standing on a rolling step-stool, her back to you, reaching for a textbook on a shelf that was already impossibly high. Even with the added height, the sheer scale of her was breathtaking. The oversized lab coat she always wore, somehow pristine despite the cluttered workspace, hung off her shoulders, its hem swaying around her ankle. You could see the powerful, defined curve of her calf muscles, straining slightly with the posture.

"Tachyon," you said again, your voice firmer this time, though it felt small and thin in the buzzing, clicking space.

For a moment, there was no response, only the frantic clack-clack-clack of a keyboard being typed on by some automated program nearby. Then, with a sigh that seemed less about annoyance and more about a brief interruption in a grand cosmic plan, she turned.

She placed the book on her workbench and stepped down from the stool. The floor seemed to vibrate with the soft thud of her heeled boots. And then she was facing you, and the full, overwhelming reality of her presence was staring you down into the floor.

You were not a short person, but Agnes Tachyon was a different order

of being. At eight feet tall, she didn't just tower over you; she eclipsed you. Your eyes were level with the leather straps that held rows of shimmering blue vials against her torso. To look her in the face, you had to crane your neck back at an uncomfortable angle, like a child addressing an adult. She loomed, a living, breathing mountain of intellect and muscle, casting a shadow that swallowed you whole.

A slow, curious smile spread across her lips, but it held no warmth. It was the smile of a researcher observing a curious specimen that had just wandered into the petri dish. Her dark red eyes were devoid of any reflective shine. They didn't just look at you; they seemed to be scanning you, cataloging you, seeing past your skin and into the frantic pulse beating in your throat.

"Ah, my guinea pig," she chirped, her tone light and playful, completely at odds with your simmering rage. "Excellent timing! I was just contemplating the next phase. Your appearance is greatly appreciated. I was beginning to worry I'd have to waste time fetching you myself."

You took a breath, steeling yourself. "Don't call me that. And I'm not here for an experiment, Tachyon. I'm here because you've missed three straight days of training. The Satsuki Sho is on Saturday! Do you have any idea how serious this is?"

She blinked, tilting her head. The motion was bird-like, unnervingly quick. "Serious?" she repeated the word as if it were a foreign concept. Her gaze drifted past you, toward one of the bubbling beakers. "The relative seriousness of a single race is a purely subjective metric. From a data-gathering perspective, it has its merits, but it's hardly necessary."

Before you could retort, she closed the distance between you in a single, fluid stride. Her hand shot out and clamped around your forearm. Grip nearly crushing you in an absolute hold. Her fingers were long and cool, wrapping completely around your arm with an unyielding firmness that sent a jolt up your spine. She pulled you forward, effortlessly dragging you deeper into the lab until you were standing right beside her workbench.

Her personal space was an assault on the senses. The chemical smell was stronger here, mixed with the faint, clean scent of sweat. You were completely enveloped by her height, a helpless human tucked against the side of a giantess in a lab coat.

"Forget the track for a moment," she said, her voice dropping into a conspiratorial, excited hush. She gestured with her free hand toward a computer monitor displaying a rotating 3D model of a complex protein. "I've finally stabilized the isomer! For weeks, I've been struggling with the enantiomeric purity, the chiral centers kept inverting post-synthesis, but a targeted application of microwave-assisted organic synthesis in a triphasic catalyst system did the trick!"

You just stared at her, your carefully rehearsed reprimand dissolving into confused silence. You had no idea what she was talking about.

"Don't you see?" she pressed, her red eyes wide with manic glee. "This isn't just about reducing lactate buildup or increasing oxygen uptake—that's rudimentary! This compound, if my theoretical models are correct, should temporarily enhance the neuro-muscular junction's firing efficiency by almost sixty percent! Imagine, the brain's signal to the muscle, arriving faster, stronger, with almost zero degradation. It's the very precipice of potential!"

She released your arm only to snatch up a small beaker from the bench. It was filled with a viscous, faintly glowing liquid the color of a twilight sky. She swirled it, the thick fluid clinging to the glass.

"And you, my favorite little test subject," she cooed, holding the beaker up in front of your face. Her smile was back, wider this time, a little more unhinged. "Are the perfect candidate for the first live trial. We have so much baseline data on you already, it would be a shame to let it go to waste."

You recoiled, shaking your head, finally finding your voice again. "No! Absolutely not! Tachyon, listen to me! This is your career! If you bomb at the Satsuki Sho because you've been in here playing with some glowing sludge—"

Her expression shifted instantly. The playful, mad-scientist facade vanished, replaced by a gaze of cold, dismissive analysis.

"Bomb?" she interrupted, her voice losing all of its childish inflection. It was flat, sharp, and utterly devoid of emotion. "A race is a controlled experiment with multiple variables, nothing more. Victory or defeat are merely data points. My 'career,' as you call it, is the pursuit of knowledge. That race is a means to an end, a public demonstration. My real work happens here." She gestured to the surrounding lab. "This work is what will allow me to transcend the very limits you seem so concerned with. Your job is to facilitate that,

is it not?"

She leaned in closer, her towering frame blocking out the rest of the lab. The glowing beaker was just inches from your lips. Her voice dropped to a low, persuasive murmur, the coercive silkiness returning.

"Just cooperate for a moment guinea pig. Let me collect my data and —"

You planted your feet, a last, desperate bastion of defiance against the overwhelming tide of her manic energy. "No," you stated, pushing the beaker of glowing liquid away from your face with a hand that trembled only slightly. You had to find a way to get through to her, to appeal to some shared sense of purpose. "Tachyon, please. My job—my entire purpose here—is to help you reach your peak potential as a racer. That means proper training on the track, a controlled diet, physical conditioning. It's a partnership. I handle the strategy and the preparation so you are free to do what you do best: run."

You tried to meet her gaze, to project an aura of sincerity and control you were nowhere close to feeling. "Let me help you win the Satsuki Sho the right way. That's how we prove your theories. We show them on the track, in front of everyone."

For a moment, she just looked at you, her head tilted. The cheerful, unhinged mask was gone, replaced by an expression of placid, academic curiosity. With a soft sigh that seemed to convey disappointment in a slow student, she placed the beaker back on the steel workbench. You felt a flicker of hope, a foolish, fleeting thought that you might have actually broken through.

Then she took a deliberate step toward you.

Instinctively, you took a step back. The heel of your shoe hit a coiled bundle of thick cables on the floor. You stumbled, and she took another slow, drawn out step forward, her sheer presence forcing you back again. Another step, and the cold, unyielding steel of a massive data server cabinet pressed against your spine. You were trapped. The messy labwork, which had seemed so wide and open moments before, now felt like a cage.

She stopped, leaving barely a foot of space between you, forcing you to crane your neck even further back. She was so close you could see the faint, almost invisible freckles scattered across the bridge of her nose, the way the harsh fluorescent light caught in the strange, linear patterns of her irises.

"Your 'job'," she began, her voice a calm, didactic drone, "is something I have taken the liberty of studying in great detail. The Tracen Academy Trainer-Umamusume contract is a fascinating document. Have you ever read it thoroughly? I have."

Her lips curved into that same unnerving smile, not a fathomable flicker of warmth. "For instance, your primary duty, as per section two, paragraph one, is to provide 'comprehensive support tailored to the individual umamusume's needs in order to maximize their potential.' It does not, you will note, specify how that potential is to be maximized. Your assumption that it is limited to your conventional, frankly archaic, methods of physical training is a projection on your part. A quaint one, but contractually baseless."

You opened your mouth to argue, but she simply raised a single finger, silencing you before a sound could escape.

"Furthermore," she continued, her tone sharp, "Section three, subsection B, clarifies that a trainer's duties include, and I quote, 'facilitating the umamusume's unique talents and methodologies for performance enhancement.' My unique talent, my core methodology, is this." She made a sweeping gesture with her hand, indicating the humming, bubbling, chaotic laboratory around you. "My research is my method. Therefore, contractually, you are not only permitted to support it, you are obligated to facilitate it. To deny me my primary methodology would, in fact, be a dereliction of your duty."

Every word was a nail being hammered into the coffin of your authority. Your arguments felt like sand castles against her logical tide. "That's... that's twisting the words," you managed to stammer out, your voice weak.

"Am I?" Her smile widened. She leaned down slightly, her face now unnervingly close to yours. "You speak of diet. Is providing a revolutionary, chemically-synthesized nutritional and performance-enhancing supplement not the absolute pinnacle of dietary support? You speak of pushing me physically. Is testing the very boundaries of what is physiologically possible not the ultimate expression of that? You are thinking in two dimensions, my dear guinea pig. You must learn to see the bigger picture."

You felt your anger and resolve curdling into a sort of dizzying helplessness. She was right. Not morally right, not ethically right, but in her cold, twisted, legalistic interpretation of the rules, she was unassailable. You had come here to reprimand her, and she was

calmly and cheerfully explaining how you weren't even doing your own job correctly. The sheer audacity of it was staggering. You felt impossibly small, pinned against the cabinet by her presence, your face flushing with a deep, burning humiliation.

"So you see," she murmured, her voice becoming soft, almost gentle, which was infinitely more terrifying than her previous tone. "Your concerns are unfounded. We are working toward the same goal. I simply have a more efficient, more ambitious roadmap. You want to see me win, don't you? You want to be the trainer of the umamusume who shatters every record, who proves that the concept of a 'limit' is merely a failure of imagination?"

She held your gaze, her red eyes boring into you, and you found you couldn't look away. You could only give a weak, pathetic nod.

"I thought so," she whispered, a genuine, thrilling excitement entering her voice. "This is the path. Our path."

She turned, picked up the glowing blue beaker again, and held it out to you.

"You want to fulfill your contractual obligations?" she asked, her voice soft but firm. "Drink this."

The world seemed to shrink down to two points of focus: her unwavering, expectant eyes, and the swirling, luminous liquid in the glass. Defeated, your shoulders slumped. The fight had gone out of you, replaced by a hollow sense of inevitability. With a trembling hand that you could no longer control, you reached out and took the beaker, your fingers brushed against hers.

You lifted the glass to your lips. You didn't even hesitate. You just tilted it back and drank.

The liquid was thick, and tasted surprisingly of citrus, almost like licking a battery. You drained the entire thing in three gulps, the viscous fluid sliding down your throat.

A beat of silence passed. Then, for the first time, Agnes Tachyon's smile reached her eyes. It was a look of pure, unadulterated scientific delight.

"Excellent," she breathed, taking the empty beaker from your nerveless fingers and placing it carefully on the workbench. She gently took your wrist, her thumb pressing against your pulse point.

"Let's start collecting some data, shall we?" As Tachyon's cool fingers remained pressed against your pulse point, a strange warmth bloomed deep in your belly. It wasn't unpleasant at first. It felt like a sip of alcohol was spreading through your veins, a pleasant, languid heat that made your limbs feel heavy. You watched her face, her red eyes narrowed in concentration as she stared at a digital stopwatch she was holding.

"Initial heart rate post-ingestion is one hundred and twelve beats per minute," she murmured, more to herself than to you. "A moderate increase. Let's observe the—"

Her voice cut off as a violent shudder wracked your entire body. The pleasant warmth erupted into a raging inferno, It's a flash fire. A searing, coiling heat ignites deep in your gut, a liquid inferno that spreads outwards with terrifying speed. It's not the gentle comfort of alcohol; this is a raw, primal energy that rewrites your entire being in a matter of seconds. Your skin flushes hot, so hot it feels like it's steaming. Your breath hitches in your throat, coming out in short, ragged gasps. Every nerve ending in your body is suddenly alive and screaming for stimulus.

Your clothes became instruments of torture. The soft fabric of your shirt felt like coarse burlap, the waistband of your pants a band of hot iron cinched around your hips. Every tiny seam, every crease, was a line of agonizing friction against your suddenly hypersensitive skin. You let out a choked gasp, your legs trembling so hard you weren't sure they could hold you.

"Ah," Tachyon said, her voice sounding both impossibly distant and deafeningly loud. She looked up from her watch, her expression one of mild surprise. "A much faster metabolic uptake than anticipated. If you couldn't tell this is a custom-designed pheromonal catalyst. My hypothesis is that by directly stimulating the hypothalamus with a targeted protein sequence, I can induce a state of extreme arousal in a non-Umamusume subject. A biological 'heat' if you will.

The word "heat" is hardly even processed by your brain. Your mind is reeling, trying to process any of what was happening, but it was impossible to form a coherent thought. Your entire consciousness was being hijacked by your own screaming nerve endings. The cool air from a ventilation duct brushed against the back of your neck, and you cried out, the sensation so intense it was like being caressed by fire and ice all at once. Your body was no longer your own. It was a prison of sensory overload, and every single input was agony and a

strange, brutal ecstasy.

"Subject's heart rate now approaching one hundred and eighty BPM," she narrated calmly, her gaze analytical as she scanned you from head to toe. "Cutaneous vasodilation is evident, causing significant flushing of the skin. Note the pupil dilation and extreme hypersensitivity to tactile stimuli."

You tried to speak, to scream at her, to curse her, but your throat would only produce a strangled whimper. "You..." you gasped, your own voice unrecognizable. You reached for her, a desperate, clumsy lunge born of fury and panic. You meant to grab the front of her lab coat, to shake her, to make her see what she'd done to you. But your coordination was gone, your legs turning to water. You pitched forward, a cry of despair on your lips as the world tilted sideways.

But you never hit the floor.

Two strong arms wrapped around you, catching you with an effortless, fluid motion. One hand splayed across your back, the other circling your waist, hauling you flush against a body that was as firm and solid as granite. The impact of the full-body contact was apocalyptic.

A bolt of pure, white-hot lightning shot from the base of your spine to the crown of your head. Your vision went white. The sensation of your soft front pressed against the unyielding muscle of her torso, the rough texture of her sweater, the solid wall of her body holding you, steadying you—it was too much. Your mind overloaded with feelings you didn't know were possible. A strangled scream tore from your throat as an intense, agonizing wave of pleasure crested through you, so powerful it bordered on pain, making your toes curl and your back arch violently in her arms. It was a ghost of a climax, a phantom that left you shuddering and breathless, on the verge of complete collapse.

All anger, all coherent thought, was incinerated in that moment. There was only the heat, the need, and the impossible, overwhelming presence of the one holding you. Your desperate lunge to attack became a pathetic, desperate cling. You buried your face against her chest, inhaling her scent, which only served to fan the flames higher.

"T-Tachyon..." you mewled the name pathetically. Your hands, which had meant to strike, were now fisted in her sweater, holding on as if she were the only solid thing in the entire room. The heat inside you was coiling tighter, an unbearable pressure building in your core. It hurt. It hurt so much, and yet you instinctively knew that only more

of the thing that caused the pain could grant any relief.

You began to squirm in her grip, a helpless, instinctual motion. You couldn't stop yourself from rubbing your body against hers, chasing the delicious friction, the maddening contact. Every movement sent fresh waves of torturous pleasure through you.

"Please," you whimpered, your breath coming in hot, ragged pants against her chest. Your hips moved of their own accord, a desperate, pleading rotation. "Please, it's—it's too much. It burns. Do something... you have to do something... please..."

You tilted your head back, looking up at her with tear-filled eyes, your entire being reduced to a single, primal, begging prayer.

Tachyon simply looked down at you, her expression unreadable. The smile was gone, replaced by a focused intensity. She adjusted her grip, holding you more securely as you trembled and writhed against her.

"Hmm," she hummed, a low and thoughtful. "An unforeseen but highly valuable data set. The psychological component is far more pronounced than hypothesized." Her red eyes held a new glint of scientific interest. "The subject is no longer resistant. In fact, she appears to be actively soliciting intervention. Interesting." Her gaze was sharp, analytical, like a jeweler examining a flawed but fascinating gem. "To understand the full scope of the compound's effects, I need to quantify this tactile response."

Before you could even begin to process what that meant, the hand that had been steadying your waist began to move. Her fingers slid with agonizing slowness from the soft fabric of your shirt onto the bare skin of your stomach where your top had ridden up. The touch was electric. A choked sob escaped your lips, and your entire body convulsed in her arms. It wasn't a rejection; it was a desperate, involuntary arching into the touch, seeking more of that exquisite torture.

"Note the immediate myoclonic jerk in response to cutaneous stimulation of the abdomen," she murmured, her thumb stroking a slow, deliberate circle just above your navel. "Pupils are fully dilated. Skin temperature is elevated significantly." Her other hand began its own exploration, sliding from your back down to the curve of your hip. Her fingers pressed firmly, mapping the shape of you, and you just melted, your legs feeling weaker, hotter.

"S-stop..." The word was a pathetic puff of air, devoid of any

conviction. It was a lie, and you both knew it. Your body betrayed you with every shuddering breath, with the way your hips began to rock in a slow, unconscious rhythm against her.

Her hand slid lower, her palm cupping the swell of your ass through the fabric of your pants. She gave a firm, appraising squeeze. "Vocal protest is noted," she said, her voice laced with amusement. "However, it is directly contradicted by positive physical feedback. The subject is exhibiting increased pelvic tilt and involuntary gluteal contraction."

Her touch was light, yet it was setting your entire world on fire. You were melting into her, your body a pliant, willing thing in her grasp even as your brain med in protest. The heat in your core was becoming an unbearable, throbbing ache, a desperate, hollow need that demanded to be filled. The friction of your own clothes was no longer enough. You started to grind against her, a more frantic, deliberate motion now, trying to chase that impossible relief.

She shifted her stance, her leg pressing more firmly between yours, providing a solid, unyielding point of contact. You latched onto it instantly, your body taking over completely. A low moan rising from your throat as you humped against her thigh, mindless and desperate.

"Ah, and there we have it," Tachyon observed, her voice unwavering as you shamelessly ground your clenching core against her. "The drive for climax has now apparently supplanted all other rational thought. The subject is utilizing me as a tool for self-stimulation."

You were panting, your mouth hanging open, drool beading at the corner of your lip. Your head was thrown back, your eyes squeezed shut, lost in a world of pure, agonizing sensation. You were on the absolute edge, a precipice of release so intense you could barely breathe.

Tachyon leaned down, her face close to yours. "Increased salivation, shallow, rapid breathing... let's test the oral reflex."

You felt the tip of her finger brush against your lips. Then, slowly, she slid two of her fingers into your mouth. Your immediate, subconscious reaction was to suck. You latched onto her, your tongue and lips working desperately, pulling her deeper. Her fingers were long and tasted faintly of chemicals. It was an anchor in the storm, another point of sensation to focus your entire being on.

"Strong suction reflex," she noted with detached interest, allowing you to slobber and suckle on her digits. "Approximately 4.5 PSI."

She let you continue your frantic work, humping against her leg, sucking greedily on her fingers, a complete and utter slave to the chemicals she had poured into you. She wasn't a partner in this; she was a conductor, a scientist observing her experiment as it reached its fever pitch. You were a mess of whimpers and slick heat, writhing in her arms, and her only response was to watch, to record, her cold red eyes taking in every single humiliating detail of your undoing.

A low, amused hum vibrated through Tachyon's chest. Ceasing her academic narration, she set aside any equipment she was using for data recording. Her entire, formidable attention, which had been observing you like a specimen under a microscope, now focused on you with a new, terrifying intimacy.

She leaned down, her lips brushing against the shell of your ear. Her hot breath fanning out air against your hypersensitive skin, sending a violent shiver through your already trembling frame.

"Tell me, guinea pig," she murmured, her voice a silken, teasing whisper that slid directly into your brain. "How does it feel? This... potential I've unlocked within you. Is the data I'm collecting satisfactory?"

As she spoke, she began to move her fingers inside your mouth. It was no longer a passive occupation. She toyed with you, dragging her fingertips slowly across your tongue, tracing the sharp line of your teeth, curling and uncurling them in a slow, hypnotic rhythm. You could only respond with a desperate, wet suckling, trying to draw her deeper, your mind a haze of pleasure and abject submission.

Then, the leg you were desperately humping began to move.

It started as a slow, circular grind, and the feedback was immediate. A drawn out moan slipped from your throat. Your hips, which had been moving with frantic energy, were now locked in perfect, helpless sync with her motion. You were no longer just grinding; she was grinding back, meeting your desperate thrusts with a firm, dominant pressure that sent sparks flying behind your eyes.

"That's it," she chuckled, the sound a low mockery as she egged you on. She began to bounce her thigh in a steady, jumping rhythm, and you were lost. You clung to her, your fingers digging into the thick muscle of her shoulders, your body now just a passenger on a ride you couldn't stop. You were riding her thigh, bucking and sobbing with each intentional, perfect application of friction.

"Look at you," she cooed, her voice dripping with a condescending affection that was more violating than any insult. "So desperate. So wanton. You're quite cute like this, did you know? All that fiery authority and pride, completely boiled away, leaving this pure, needy little animal. So eager to please."

Her words washed over you, but they didn't matter. Nothing mattered but the rhythmic pressure, the building, coiling inferno inbetween your legs. The world was gone. The lab was gone. There was only the solid muscle of her thigh moving against you, the slick heat dripping out of you, and the agonizing promise of release. Your mind was pure static, unable to form a single thought, a single protest.

"Tachyon," you sobbed the name again and again. "T-Tachyon... please... nnngh!"

You could feel it coming, a tidal wave building on the horizon of your senses, about to crash down and pull you under. Your whimpers pitched higher, becoming frantic, keening cries. Your entire body went rigid in her arms, every muscle pulled taut as a bowstring. Your back arched so far it felt like your spine would snap.

"Yes," she whispered, her voice a triumphant hiss in your ear as she increased the pace, driving you mercilessly toward the peak. "Show me. Show me every single part of you."

And then the wave hit.

It was an all-consuming cataclysm. A raw, piercing scream of pure, undiluted pleasure was torn from your throat, muffled against the fabric of her sweater. Your world exploded into blinding white light. The orgasm ripped through you not as a release, but as a complete system failure, a full-body convulsion that shook you in her arms like a ragdoll. A wave of intense, slick heat flooded your panties as your clenching muscles gave their final, shuddering surrender.

The moment it was over, the strings holding you up were cut. You collapsed.

Every ounce of strength, every pretense of form, vanished. You went completely boneless and limp, a dead weight in her arms. Your head lolled to the side, your breathing coming in shallow, ragged gasps. You were spent, utterly, completely empty.

Tachyon easily held your collapsed form, looking down at the quivering, sweat-drenched mess you had become. A slow, deeply

satisfied smile spread across her face.

She adjusted her grip, cradling you almost gently as she finally removed her fingers from your slack mouth.

"Conclusion," she stated softly. "Subject is highly responsive to tailored, active stimuli. Peak physiological performance achieved." She looked down at your limp form, a new light shining in those dark red eyes. "Yet we still have a ways to go. Don't we guinea pig?"

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

#YuriYearning

Chapter Notes

No actual smut here, but the entirety of the next chapter will be lmao

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

You're here. Again.

It's your job to be here, after all.

As many times as it takes, to come here and find your racer that has been deliberately evading your every attempt to help the both of you.

So why do you feel like this? Why do you feel—

The air in the hallway outside the academy's laboratory was a liar. It smelled mostly of the usual industrial-strength floor polish that covered majority of the surfaces here. But as you drew closer to the heavy, metal-reinforced door, a new aroma began to worm its way into the mix. It was an astringent, chemical, sharp, and entirely imaginary. All completely localized entirely within your brain.

You lifted a hand to knock, but your knuckles hovered an inch from the door. You could feel your own breath hitch in your throat. Underneath the illusory scent was something else, another smell, one your memory had clung to with a desperate, shameful tenacity so potent that it hurt. It smelled like her.

That clean linen from her lab coat and that musky, warm, and intoxicatingly heady smell of her body. It was the scent that had filled your senses when she'd held onto you, her voice murmuring out observations while your body burned with a fever she had induced.

Stop it.

You clenched your fist, the knuckles rapping sharply against the door, louder than you intended. It had been weeks since whatever the hell

that was went down. Weeks since she had plied you with a custom-brewed aphrodisiac so potent it had left you a writhing, needy mess, completely at her mercy.

She had been methodical, clinical even, as she'd "helped" you ride out the effects, her long, deft fingers gathering data while your mind was caving in on itself.

And since then? Nothing. Not a single word. She treated you exactly as she had before, with the same playful coexistence, the same infuriatingly casual relationship between trainer, and racer.

For her, it was just another Tuesday, another experiment come and gone. For you, it was a brand burned into your goddamn psyche. Every waking moment was a battle against the memory, a phantom heat that coiled low in your gut whenever she looked at you.

You craved it. You hated yourself for craving it, but the want was a physical ache, a hollow space that only her presence seemed to fill. Admitting that, however, was an impossibility. The smug, triumphant look in those stupid red eyes would be more than you could bear.

"It's open," a voice called from within, the sound slightly muffled. A completely casual invitation, oblivious to your inner turmoil.

Taking a steadying breath, you pushed the heavy door open and stepped inside. Her lab was no better than it usually was, that word being catastrophe. Beakers bubbled on hot plates, their contents glowing in lurid shades of teal and magenta. Wires snaked across the floor from humming centrifuges and oscilloscopes, their screens displaying frantic, jagged lines of light. Books and research papers were stacked in precarious towers on every available surface, and a massive whiteboard was covered floor-to-ceiling in complex equations and diagrams.

Everything was oversized, built for a user far taller than a normal human.

And there she was. Tachyon stood with her back to you, the sheer wall of her white lab coat dominating the space. She was leaning over a workbench, her head tilted with intense focus as she used a delicate pair of tweezers to add a single, crystalline grain to a vial of muted green liquid.

Her short brown hair was slightly mussed, the ahoge itself on top of her head seeming to actually quiver with the concentration. Her tail, a

rich, dark brown, twitched idly behind her, the tip flicking back and forth like a metronome.

“Ah, guinea pig,” she murmured, not turning around. “Punctual as ever. Come to impart upon me a wonderful new piece of knowledge I hope.”

Your heart did a painful little stutter-step in your chest as you closed the door behind you, the heavy thump of it sealing you in. “Tachyon. It’s three o’clock. Training starts in fifteen minutes.”

“Does it?” She placed the vial into a centrifuge rack with a small click. “How mundane. The temporal constraints of organized athletics are nothing compared to what I’m accomplishing here.” She finally turned, and your breath caught in your throat. Her dark eyes seemed to pierce right through you. A small, knowing smile played on her lips, but her expression was unreadable. “Still, your presence is timely. I’m just moving on to the next phase.”

She strode past you, and you instinctively flattened yourself against the door to avoid a collision. Standing at her full height, she seemed to blot out the light, along with it a small wave of her scent washed over you, your traitorous body responding with a shiver.

“I’m not here for a phase, Tachyon,” you said, your voice a little tighter than you wanted. You followed her as she moved to the enormous whiteboard, your eyes unwillingly drawn to the sway of her hips beneath the lab coat. “I’m here to take you to the track. We need to go over the strategy for the Hanshin Juvenile Fillies. Your finishing kick was strong in the last race, but your mid-race positioning needs work. You’re letting the pack dictate your pace too much.”

“Pacing,” she mused, picking up a red marker. She uncapped it with a flick of her wrist. “A simplistic term for a complex interplay of cellular respiration, lactic acid thresholds, and neurological impulse control. The ‘pack’ is merely a collection of external variables. The true race is internal, wouldn’t you agree?” She began to draw a new, intricate molecular diagram over a section of older, faded equations.

“This, for instance, is a prototype neurotransmitter agonist. Theoretically, it should optimize the firing of motor neurons, reducing the signal delay between tactical thought and physical execution by... oh, a good four percent. Imagine, the ability to react before your opponent has even finished forming the intention to move.”

You stared at the complex lattice of hexagons and lines she was

sketching around. “That’s great, Tachyon. It’s brilliant even. But it’s not going to help if you don’t show up for training to build the foundational stamina to even use it.” You stepped closer, trying to reclaim some semblance of control over the conversation. “I have a new interval regimen I want you to try. It’s designed to improve your...”

You trailed off as she turned her head, her face now only a foot from yours. She hadn’t moved her feet, just leaned her upper body towards you, her red eyes scanning your face with unnerving intensity. The world seemed to shrink to the space between you. You could see the faint, lighter red lines that striated her irises, the center dot of her pupil. Her faintly sweet breath, likely from her overly sweetened tea, washed over your cheek.

“My foundational stamina is more than adequate I can assure you,” she responded back. “I’ve been monitoring my own vitals. My VO_2 max is already in the 98th percentile for all registered Umamusume attending Tracen Academy. Your regimen would be redundant.”

Her proximity was an assault. That phantom heat returning with a vengeance, just as hot and insistent as before. The words she was saying went right past you, straight in and out the silent, hollow echo chamber of your skull. You wanted to lean in, to close the last few inches, to feel the press of her lips and the strength of those arms. You wanted her to look at you the way she had that night.

No. No no no no. You aren’t gonna let that happen, that is NOT what you came here for. Instead, you took a half-step back, your shoulder bumping into a rack of empty test tubes that rattled in your ear. “It’s not a waste of time,” you forced out, your voice strained. “Talent only gets you so far. Discipline is what wins the Triple Crown.”

“A charming sentiment,” she said, turning back to her whiteboard as if you’d just ceased to exist. “Almost poetic. But inaccurate. Innovation wins the Triple Crown, trainer. The will to push beyond the accepted limits of flesh and bone.” She scribbled a few more notes, her tail giving a decisive little flick. “You, for example. Your hormonal response to targeted stimuli is quite remarkable. Your body’s ability to process and metabolize complex, undocumented chemical compounds is... well, it’s a gift, really.”

She wasn’t looking at you, but you felt your face flush bright red. She was talking about it. Indirectly, but she was talking about it, you could tell. It was just another data point to her, your week of feverish,

induced desire.

"I don't know what you're talking about," you lied, staring at her directly in the back.

"Don't you?" The scratching of her marker stopped. She set it down and turned to face you fully, a single brow arched. She wiped a smudge of red ink from her fingers onto her coat. "Of course you do. You're an active participant in my research. Your cooperation, willing or otherwise, has been invaluable." She took a step towards you, and then another, slowly backing you towards the lab's main console. "Your pulse is elevating again. Your pupils are dilated. Your respiration is shallow. All indicators of an acute stress response."

She stopped when her towering frame was flush against the console, trapping you between the hard edge of the machinery. She leaned down, her oversized sleeves brushing against your arms, and picked up a beaker filled with a clear, faintly sparkling liquid. She's doing it again, this is just like the last time.

"You look dehydrated," she said, her voice dropping to that same dangerous, coaxing tone she always uses. "All this talk of exertion must be making you thirsty. Here." She held the beaker out to you. "A simple electrolyte solution. With a few minor improvements for enhanced hydration and cognitive function. Just a little taste test. For science."

You stared at the beaker, then up at her face. The same small, knowing smile was there. She wasn't mentioning the experiment because she didn't need to. She could see it all over you. The desperation, the craving, the shame. That's fine, that doesn't mean you have to play it the way she wants you to.

Your hand trembled as you reached out, your fingers brushing against hers as you took the beaker. Her skin was cool and smooth. The memory of that touch, that firm, strong touch, shot through you like a jolt of electricity.

You knew you shouldn't. You knew this was just another step down a path you couldn't return from. But the way she was looking at you, like you were the most fascinating puzzle in the world, and the silent, aching need inside you... they conspired to betray you.

The cool rim of the beaker pressed against your lips. Your heart hammered against your ribs, a frantic drumbeat of wild imagination. This was it. Another step into her world, another piece of yourself

handed over for her scientific curiosity. What would this one do to you? You had no idea.

You tipped the glass back, the clear liquid sliding down your throat. It tasted of... nothing. It was clean, crisp, and shockingly ordinary compared to other things, but you did it.

You swallowed the entire contents in three long gulps, your eyes fixed on her face, searching for any flicker of reaction, any sign of the impending chemical storm you both craved and feared. You set the empty beaker down on the console with a soft clink, the sound echoing in the sudden, tense silence of the lab.

And then you waited.

One second. Two. Your blood roared in your ears, every nerve ending alight with expectation. You waited for the tell-tale warmth to begin spreading from your stomach, for the pleasant, hazy fog to descend upon your mind, for the first spark of that insatiable fire she had lit in you before. You waited for your body to betray you.

Five seconds. Ten.

Nothing.

Absolutely nothing. Your pulse, which had been racing with anxiety, began to slowly, disappointingly, return to normal. The phantom heat in your gut remained just that—a phantom. There was no chemical rush, no dizzying euphoria. There was only the stark, sobering bright lights of the lab and the droning hum of the machinery.

Tachyon watched you, her head tilted slightly. A small understanding flicker of confirmation was the only telling sign in her eyes. She reached out, not for you, but for a small notepad nearby. Pen in hand, she scribbled down a couple notes, her expression nothing more than faux interest.

“Hm. Baseline vitals remain stable post-ingestion,” she murmured, more to herself than to you. “No significant elevation in heart rate beyond the initial anxiety-induced spike. No discernible change in skin temperature or galvanic response.” She set the notepad down and offered you a small, placid nod, as if you had just completed a particularly boring but necessary chore. “Thank you for your cooperation, guinea pig. That was all that I needed.”

She turned away, preparing to walk back to her whiteboard, back to

her equations and her real work. The motion was casual, dismissive. She was done with you. The experiment was over, and you were left standing there, hollowed out with a profound and humiliating disappointment.

Panic, cold and sharp, pierced through you. She couldn't just walk away. She couldn't leave you like this, stewing in this awful, unfulfilled need. The memory of her touch, of the release she had granted you, was a siren song, and the silence was unbearable. You had to get her attention back. You had to make her look at you, touch you, do something.

"Wait," you blurted out, the word sounding weak and desperate even to your own ears.

She paused mid-stride, turning her head just enough to look at you over her shoulder. "Is there a problem? Did you experience an unforeseen side effect?" There was a subtle, almost imperceptible challenge in her tone. Urging you to go ahead, tell her everything.

The lie came to you in a flash, born of pure, frantic desire. "My... my heart," you stammered, pressing a hand to your chest for dramatic effect. "It's starting to beat really fast. And... and I feel warm. All over, I think something happening."

Tachyon turned fully to face you, her expression unreadable but for the smug little curl at the edge of her lip. She didn't move closer. She didn't reach for a medical scanner. She simply watched you from afar, letting the silence stretch.

"Your heart rate, trainer, is currently sixty-eight beats per minute," she said, her voice completely level. She gestured vaguely towards a small, unnoticed sensor array on the ceiling above you. "Which is, in fact, six beats per minute slower than it was when you first entered the room."

The warmth you're feeling is a psychosomatic response. A simple manifestation of your expectation. You want to feel warm, so your brain is helpfully providing the sensation. It's a classic placebo phenomenon. Quite common in overly eager test subjects."

Her words were sobering. She knew. Of course she knew. She had data for everything. Your face flushed with actual, genuine heat this time—the heat of pure embarrassment. But the desperation was stronger. You couldn't back down now. You had to double down, something you had to do something.

“No, it’s not that,” you insisted, your voice shaking slightly. You needed something she couldn’t measure from across the room. “My fingers... they’re tingling. It’s like... like pins and needles. And my vision is... it’s getting blurry around the edges.” You blinked rapidly, trying to sell it. You just needed her to get close, to check your eyes, to touch your hand. Anything.

She sighed, a soft sound of long-suffering patience. This time, she did move, but it wasn’t the quick, interested approach you’d hoped for. She strode towards you with agonizingly slow, small steps, her lab coat not even moving in the air. She stopped directly in front of you, forcing you to crane your neck to look up at her.

“Pins and needles, you say?” she questioned, her voice as low as she looked down on you. She leaned down, her face coming unnervingly close to yours. Her scent was close enough now for you to breathe in again, that delicious mixture that made your head swim for real.

“Can you elaborate for me? Describe the exact location of the paresthesia. Is it localized to the distal phalanges, or does it extend proximally towards the metacarpals? Is the ‘tingling’ consistent with the stimulation of the median nerve, or does it feel more like a disruption in the ulnar nerve pathway? As for your vision, is it a uniform peripheral blurring, or are you experiencing scotomas—blind spots—in specific quadrants of your visual field?”

You stared at her, your mouth hanging slightly open. The barrage of technical terms left you utterly speechless. You had no idea what any of it meant. The lie crumbled into dust under the verbose explanation, leaving you completely exposed. “It’s... um... I don’t—“

She saw it in your eyes. She saw the lie die. A slow, deeply triumphant smile spread across her lips. It was a predator’s smile, full of smug satisfaction.

“I thought not,” she whispered, her breath ghosting across your cheek. She reached out, but not to check your pulse or examine your eyes. Instead, she gently tucked a stray strand of hair behind your ear, her fingers lingering for a fraction of a second against your skin. The touch was electric, a thousand times more potent than any chemical she could have designed. It was a calculated reward, a crumb thrown to a starving animal.

“You’re a terrible liar, guinea pig,” she stated, straightening up to her full height. “It’s almost charming.”

She turned and walked over to a sink in the corner of the lab, taking a second, identical beaker from a drying rack. She filled it from the tap.

“What I gave you,” she said, her back to you, “was triple-filtered, deionized water. The same substance that constitutes roughly sixty percent of your own body mass. It has no active chemical properties beyond H₂O. Your fabricated symptoms, your desperate little performance was entirely unnecessary.

She turned back around, swirling the water in the beaker. Her crimson eyes locked onto yours, and there was no trace of playfulness left in them. There was only the cold, sharp glint of a scientist who has just proven her hypothesis.

“However, you’ve provided me with some excellent data today. Data on psychological conditioning, desire, and the lengths a subject will go to in order to replicate a previously pleasurable stimulus.” She took a slow sip from her own beaker of water, her gaze never leaving yours. “It seems my previous experiment was even more successful than I anticipated. You’ve developed a dependency of sorts, even if you don’t want to acknowledge it.”

The room was silent, save for the usual hum. You stood there, stripped bare. Your pathetic lies, your shameful craving—it was all out in the open, another set of data points for her to analyze. You had walked into her trap with your eyes wide open, and now you were caught.

She set her beaker down and looked at you, the towering scientist regarding her most fascinating, most predictable specimen.

A hot, bitter wave of defiance surged through you, a pathetic final stand against the crushing weight of whatever stupid superiority she thought she had over you. Your entire body was on fire with humiliation, your skin prickling, your face a mask of scarlet shame.

“That’s not true!” you snapped, the words sharp but brittle. “You don’t know what I was feeling. I’m not... dependent on anything. You’re twisting this, making it into one of your sick little experiments!”

Tachyon did not grant you the dignity of her full attention. She simply offered a soft, dismissive “Hm,” as she turned her back on you completely. With an infuriating casualness, she began tidying her workbench, arranging a set of scalpels into a neat, parallel row. She didn’t look at you. She didn’t face you. She treated your emotional outburst with all the gravity of a fly buzzing against a windowpane.

“Am I?” she mused, her voice calm and even, a placid river against which your own turbulent emotions crashed ineffectually. She picked up a stray beaker, examined it for smudges, and began polishing it with a soft cloth. “Let’s review the data so far. You presented with three distinct, fabricated symptoms, all placebos. First, an elevated heart rate and a feeling of warmth.” She paused in her polishing to hold the beaker up to the light, inspecting her work. “A classic, amateurish choice. Easily disproven by the most basic of biometric measuring.”

You felt your fists clench at your sides. “I’m not one of your subjects! I’m your trainer, alright?! Stop talking to me like your in charge!”

You took a step towards her, your movements jerky, desperate to command her attention. She completely ignored you, moving from the workbench to a computer desk, its screen a graph of blinking lights and changing numbers. She began making a minute adjustment to a complex waveform displayed on its main screen.

“Second,” she continued, as if you hadn’t spoken, her fingers dancing over the controls, “you claimed paresthesia in your extremities. ‘Pins and needles.’ A more sophisticated lie, I’ll grant you. It implies a neurological impact. But you failed to provide any specific details, because you had none to provide. This suggests a craving not just for a physical sensation, but for one that feels invasive, something that permeates you right down to the nerves.”

Her voice, so calm and analytical, was a form of torture. It stripped your frantic, emotional lies bare and pinned them to a board for examination. The heat in your body intensified, but it was no longer just shame. It was the familiar, coiling heat of want, stoked by her words, by her proximity, by the infuriating, intoxicating power she held over you. Your breathing grew heavier, each inhale a ragged, desperate drag of the chemical-laden air.

You followed her as she moved again, unable to stop yourself, your feet carrying you after her as she crossed the lab to a tall, refrigerated storage unit. You were orbiting her, a pathetic moon drawn into the gravity of a star that refused to acknowledge its existence.

“And third,” she said, her hand resting on the latch of the unit, “blurred vision. The most dramatic and desperate of your claims. The final cry for attention from a subject who feels they are not receiving the... stimulus... they require. You wanted me to get closer. You wanted me to touch you. You wanted me to re-initiate the

experimental parameters that you found so... stimulating... before.”

“Stop it,” you breathed, the words barely a whisper. Your defenses were gone, your lies were ashes. She was narrating your secret heart, and you had no rebuttal. You leaned a hand against a cold, steel countertop, the chill of it a stark contrast to your burning skin. “Just... stop talking!”

“Why?” For the first time, she paused, her back still to you. “Is my analysis inaccurate?” She didn’t need to see your face. She could hear it in your ragged breathing, feel it in the charged atmosphere of the room. “I don’t think so. I remember the data from our last session quite vividly.”

Her voice dropped lower, but you could feel the smile that was growing inch by inch. “I remember how the compound worked. How it bypassed all your lovely, civilized inhibitions and went straight for the most primitive parts of your brain. That lovely, raw, biological imperative.” She finally opened the storage unit, a cloud of frigid vapor billowing out around her ankles. “I recall your skin becoming so exquisitely sensitive. The slightest brush of a fingertip was enough to elicit a full-body tremor. Every nerve, a live wire. Every touch, both agony, pure ecstasy.”

Your breath hitched in your throat. Your eyes were glued to the rigid line of her spine, the powerful curve of her shoulders beneath the white coat. You could almost feel it again—her fingers on your feverish skin, the feeling of every touch driving you mad.

“There was such a profound heat,” she continued, her voice showing the clear amusement that she was feeling as she peered into the refrigerated depths. “A deep, internal ache that blossomed from the core outwards. An ache that could only be soothed by direct, sustained intervention. All that carefully constructed authority, all that pretense of being a ‘trainer,’ just... washed away. Leaving only a desperate, needy creature that would beg for release.”

You squeezed your eyes shut, your head spinning. You were a mess, a red-faced, panting disaster, leaning on the counter like your legs might give out. She had done it again. Without laying a single hand on you, without a single drop of chemicals, she had pushed you right back to the edge.

“It’s a shame, really,” she said, her voice pulling you back.

You opened your eyes. She had turned around. In her hand, she held a

small, cork-stoppered vial. Inside was a liquid that seemed to shimmer with a faint, pearlescent light, the exact same hypnotic substance from your memories. She held it delicately between her thumb and forefinger, examining it as if it were a rare jewel.

“The synthesis process for this particular formulation is remarkably complex. Volatile. It requires a level of precision that is difficult to replicate.” She swirled the liquid, her gaze fixed on it, but her words were aimed directly at the shredded remains of your composure. She looked up, her red eyes meeting yours, and the corner of her mouth tilted up in that familiar, devastatingly smug smile.

“I only managed to produce,” she said, her voice dropping to a near whisper, placing a heavy, deliberate emphasis on every word, “a few more doses.”

Your eyes were locked on the vial. The world had shrunk to the space of that tiny glass container, to the way the lab’s fluorescent lights caught the pearlescent liquid within, making it swirl with a soft, internal luminescence. It was everything you wanted and more.

A desperate, clawing need tore through you. You had to have it. But your pride, that stubborn, shredded remnant of your former self, made one last, pathetic stand for yourself.

You tore your gaze away from the vial, forcing yourself to look at a random point on the wall, a meaningless crack in the plaster. You attempted a scoff, a sound meant to be dismissive and cool, but it came out as a strangled, airy gasp.

“So you made more,” you managed, your voice a thin, reedy tremor. “Good for your... research.” The words felt like foreign objects in your mouth, clumsy and fake. Your attempt at nonchalance was a paper-thin shield against a tidal wave, and you both knew it.

Tachyon didn't move, but you could feel the intensity of her amusement. “Yes. Good for my research,” she repeated, her voice dripping with a saccharine mockery that made your skin crawl. “Research into thresholds. Into breaking points. Into how much a subject can deny the obvious before their own biology screams the truth so loudly it overshadows their lies.”

She took a slow step forward, and your eyes, against your will, snapped back to her, back to the vial she held so casually between her fingers. She was closing the distance again, deliberately shrinking your world until she was the only thing in it.

“You’re still playing this game, aren’t you, guinea pig?” she chided, that damn smile still there. “Still pretending this is about training, or professionalism. Look at you.” She didn’t need to point. You were acutely aware of your own state: the ragged, shallow breaths that did nothing to fill your lungs, the fine tremor in your hands, the way your eyes were glued to the vial like a starving man staring at a feast. “Your body is a beautifully honest machine. It doesn’t lie, trainer. It’s telling me everything you’re trying so desperately to hide.”

Her crimson eyes narrowed, the playful demeanor slowly changing into slight impatience. “But even I can only entertain that for so long. You have stumbled into my laboratory, wasted my time with your fabrications, and are now standing here, practically vibrating with need while pretending you feel nothing. You are an active hindrance. So, for the last time, tell me what you want. Tell me why you are really here.”

The last of your defiance sputtered out. There was nothing left to fight with. But the shame, the thick, suffocating shame, still held your tongue hostage. You looked down at the floor, at the scuffed toes of your shoes, unable to meet her gaze.

“...I want that,” you mumbled, the words barely audible, directed at the floor. It was a confession, but a coward’s confession.

And it wasn't good enough for her.

“What was that?” she asked, her smile returning. “I can’t hear you, guinea pig. Are you mumbling to the floorboards? Do they hold some fascinating secret? Speak up.” She made a small, deliberate motion, as if she were about to place the vial back into the refrigerated unit.

Panic, stark and absolute, seized you. The thought of her putting it away, of her dismissing you, of being left alone with this gnawing, agonizing emptiness again for weeks at a time, was a terror beyond bearing.

“No, wait!” The words ripped out of you.

“Then stop wasting my time,” she shot back. “My patience is not infinite. In fact, it is remarkably finite where pointless distractions are concerned. Right now, you are a pointless distraction. So, you have a choice. You can use your words, like the rational, free thinking trainer you claim to be, and ask me, clearly and directly, for what it is you so obviously desire. Or you can turn around, walk out that door, and I will proceed with my actual, important work. So if you will please

decide. Quickly.”

This was it. The final ultimatum. Your pride versus your need. And it was no contest.

A sob, thick and wet, caught in your throat. It was the sound of your own breaking. Your shoulders slumped in total, abject defeat. Hot tears of humiliation pricked at the corners of your eyes, blurring her towering form into a wavering column of white. You couldn't look at her face, but you could see the vial, held aloft in her hand, a beacon in the hazy ruin of your composure.

You were pathetic. A mess. A needy, desperate creature, just as she'd described. And you didn't care anymore. You just wanted the ache to stop. You wanted her to make it stop.

“Please...” The word was choked, half-swallowed by a sob.

“Please what?” she pressed, her smug disposition was merciless. “I am not a mind reader, trainer. Articulate your request.”

You forced your head up, forcing yourself to meet her gaze. Her face was complete and total amused expectation. Through your shimmering, tear-filled vision, you looked at her, and the last of your defenses dissolved into nothing.

“I want it,” you said, your voice trembling but clear, pointing a shaky finger at the vial. “I want... I want you to give it to me.”

You took a ragged breath, the words tumbling out now, a desperate, pathetic torrent of truth.

“I want you to do what you did before. I want you to make me feel that way again.” Your voice cracked, dropping to a pleading whimper. “Please, Tachyon. I... I can't stop thinking about it. I need you. Please, I need you to... to use it on me. I'll do anything. Just please... make me feel it again.”

You stood there, completely undone, your desperate, humiliating plea hanging in the air between you. The lab was silent, save for your own ragged breathing.

Agnes Tachyon looked down at you, at the tear-streaked, flushed mess you had become. The smile becoming more like a deeply triumphant smile resembling a victory. It was the smile of a researcher who has just achieved a perfect, repeatable result.

She brought the vial closer to her face, admiring it for a moment longer, before her crimson eyes met yours again.

“Perfect!” she chirped, her voice back to the same as if nothing had transpired.

“Open wide, guinea pig.”

Chapter End Notes

Side note, I think once I finish my comms here, and these next couple of fics I want to get out I’m going to take an indefinite hiatus.

Likely fics for Orfevre, Super Creek, and Goldship but as is my tragic inconsistency there are no promises.

Thank you for enjoying my writing

<https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz>

Chapter 3: Chapter 2.5 Bonus

Chapter Notes

More tachysmut, just a small bonus chapter because I'm too lazy to write in continuation to the current plot. So it's like maybe a sequel after all the other stuff went down who knows. I'm just too busy to think rn mlem

Just have it as a small consolation for the wait

<https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz>

The faint hum of the science room usually gave you a headache. But right now? Right now, the lights above seemed to be swimming in a delightful, colorful haze. The edges of your vision were soft, blurred by a comfortable warmth that had bloomed straight out from your stomach until it was all over your whole body.

You were sitting—or perhaps slumping would be the more accurate term—on the edge of an examination table. Your legs dangled freely, feeling heavy and distant, as if they belonged to someone else entirely.

"Fascinating," a voice hummed, sounded more in your chest than in your ears. "How are you feeling Guinea Pig?"

Tachyon stood before you, and even from your seated position high up on the table, she was still towering over you. The sleeves of her oversized lab coat swallowed her hands, the ends swaying hypnotically as she moved.

You tried to blink the fuzziness away to focus on her face.

"Tachyon...?" you mumbled. Your tongue felt thick. "Is it... working?"

"Is it working, hm?" Tachyon repeated your question with a scoff, though her tone was laced with giddy amusement. She stepped closer, her thighs brushing against your knees, boxing you in. "My dear guinea pig, you are currently the living embodiment of success! The compound has successfully bypassed the blood-brain barrier and induced a state of total neuromuscular relaxation and heightened serotonin receptivity. It's working exactly as intended."

She produced a clipboard from seemingly nowhere, scribbling furiously with a pen held awkwardly in her sleeve-covered hand.

"Subject is conscious but motor functions are heavily impaired. Speech is slurred. Let's check the ocular response."

Without waiting for permission—not that you had the will to deny her—Tachyon leaned down. Her face filled your vision, her earring glinting under the lights. She smelled of... sugar.

"Open wide," she commented, though she didn't really wait for you to comply.

One of her hands emerged from the depths of her sleeve. Her long fingers gently gripped your jaw. Her touch was firm, bordering on too tight, but the drug made it feel electric, sending a shiver down your spine that had nothing to do with the temperature of the room. She tilted your head back effortlessly, her thumb pulling down on your lower eyelid.

"H-hey," you breathed out, a weak protest that sounded more like a sigh.

"I know you're antsy Guinea Pig, but the data collection portion is just as important," she muttered, her red eyes narrowing as she peered into yours. "Pupils are dilated to... mm, let's say eighty percent. Reaction to light is sluggish. You really are completely at my mercy, aren't you?"

She let go of your jaw, allowing your head to loll forward slightly before she caught it again, this time cupping your cheek. The size difference was stark; her hand nearly covered the entire side of your face. It made you feel incredibly small, fragile.

"Now, the oral cavity," she announced.

"Tachyon, I don't think..." you started, trying to muster some semblance of thought.

"Ah, ah, ah," she chided, pressing her thumb against your bottom lip, prying it open. "No thinking. The Formula inhibits complex decision-making for a reason. You agreed to this, remember? 'For the sake of science,' you said. Or perhaps I just talked until you nodded. Regardless, here we are."

She peeked inside your mouth, humming a low, thoughtful note. You felt exposed, vulnerable, and undeniably hot under the collar as she inspected you like a trophy.

"Mucous membranes are flushed," she noted, pulling back and jotting

something else down on her clipboard. "Heart rate seems elevated as well, though that could be attributed to... external stimuli." She smirked knowingly.

She tossed the clipboard onto a nearby desk with a clatter that echoed too loudly in the quiet room. You flinched, but before you could process the noise, Tachyon was back in your personal space. She stepped between your spread legs, her tall boots bracketing your calves. She loomed over you, blocking out the harsh overhead lights, casting you in her shadow.

"The preliminary physiological checks are complete," Tachyon purred, her voice dropping an octave. She reached out, her fingers grazing the sensitive skin behind your ear. You gasped, your body arching instinctively into the touch. The drug made every nerve ending feel alight, turning the slightest brush of skin into a firework of sensation.

"Oh?" Tachyon's eyes widened, the red iris shrinking to a pinprick. "Such hypersensitivity too. Look at you twitch."

She traced the shell of your ear, her nail dragging lightly against the skin. A jolt of pleasure shot through you, and you let out a whimper, your hands grasping weakly at her lab coat for stability.

"T-Tachyon... that tickles," you complained, though you didn't pull away. You couldn't. You didn't want to.

"It does more than tickle, doesn't it, Guinea Pig?" She laughed. "You're practically melting in my hands. It's quite adorable. Usually, you're nagging me about curfew or calorie counts. But now?"

She moved her hand down, tracing the line of your neck, feeling the pulse flutter wildly beneath your skin. Her fingers were heavy, strong.

"Now you're just mine," she whispered, the scientific detachment slipping just enough to reveal the hunger underneath. "Subject displays zero resistance to tactile stimulation. In fact, subject seems to crave it."

She grabbed your waist with both hands, her grip firm and unyielding. She lifted you slightly, pulling you forward until your chest bumped against her stomach. The height difference meant your face was buried in her midsection, right against her coat.

"Look at you," she teased, looking down at the top of your head. "So small. So soft. But don't worry. I'm going to take very thorough care of

you tonight. After all..."

She tilted your chin up again, forcing you to look into her maniacal, excited eyes.

"We still have so many variables to test. Duration of euphoria, stamina under stress, vocal response to vigorous activity." She grinned, baring her teeth. "Are you ready for phase two, Trainer? Or are you too far gone to answer?"

You blinked slowly, your brain filled with cotton. "Phase... two?"

"Yes," Tachyon said, leaning down to ghost her lips against yours, sending a fresh wave of heat through your drugged veins. "The fun part."

Her hand, still warm, slid down from your waist, bypassing the button of your pants to slip beneath the waistband. You gasped, your hips bucking instinctively off the hard edge of the table, but Tachyon's other hand immediately pinned your shoulder, holding you in place with casual strength.

"Steady now. Sudden movements could be dangerous when you're like this," she chided, though her lips were curled into a devious smirk.

As her long, slender fingers found their target, sliding into your damp folds, your head fell back, a moan escaping your throat. The drug made everything feel amplified—the friction of her skin against yours felt like sparks flying. She didn't hesitate, her fingers delving deep, exploring you with the clinical accuracy of a scientist and the curiosity of a lover.

"Interesting..." she hummed, her breath hot against your neck. "The drug seems to have acted as a potent vasodilator. Blood flow to the pelvic region is... significantly higher than your baseline. You're absolutely drenched, Guinea Pig."

She twisted her fingers inside you, and you cried out, your hands scrabbling uselessly against any part of her you could touch. The sensation was overwhelming, a mix of intense pleasure and being so thoroughly analyzed while doing so.

"And look at this," Tachyon whispered, pressing her body flush against yours between your spread knees. You could feel something hard pressing against her own leggings. "It appears I'm experiencing a physiological response not too dissimilar. A variable I hadn't entirely

accounted for, but one we certainly shouldn't waste."

She pulled her hand out, bringing her wet fingers up to your face. "This smell indicates some pretty high arousal levels. Now, tell me, Trainer," she teased, tapping your nose with a slick finger. "Is this the drug making you so wet? Or have you simply been waiting for me to stop asking for permission?"

You tried to form a sentence, to offer some retort about being her superior, but all that came out was a breathless, "Tachyon... please..."

"Hm? Please what? Proceed with the experiment? Very well."

She placed both hands on your shoulders and firmly pushed you backward. You slid along the table until your back hit the cool surface, your legs dangling over the edge.

With a quick motion, she grabbed the waistband of your pants and tugged them down, discarding them along with your undergarments to the floor. The cool air of the lab hit your skin, but you were burning up from the inside out.

"Now for my part," she muttered.

She reached for the waistband of her own leggings. As she shoved them down, the sheer scale of her arousal was revealed. It was intimidating, thick and impressively long, bobbing slightly as it was freed from confinement. The sight of it, combined with the drug-induced haze, made your breath hitch. It seemed impossible that she would fit, but the way she looked at you, you wanted her to.

"Don't look so terrified," Tachyon laughed, though her voice was a bit tighter now, strained by her own need. "While the size may be somewhat incompatible, I can assure you your tissue is quite elastic. You can take it. Besides... the drug will ensure you enjoy every inch of it."

She stepped between your legs, lifting your knees and hooking them over her forearms, effectively splaying you open. She guided the head of her cock to your entrance, the heat radiating from it shocking against your wet skin.

"Okay Guinea Pig, hold still," she whispered.

She pushed forward. It was a slow, stretching sensation that made your eyes roll back in your head. You felt filled, completely and

utterly, bordering on pain before the drug softened it into a blinding, consuming stretch of pleasure.

"Ngh—!" You arched your back, your fingers gripping the edge of the table until your knuckles turned white.

"You're... very tight... trainer," Tachyon hissed through gritted teeth, her usual composure cracking. She paused, only the head and a few inches buried inside you, her eyes squeezed shut for a moment as she adjusted to the sensation. "Incredible. The internal pressure... it's... stimulating."

She exhaled sharply, opening her eyes to look down at you. Her gaze was intense, a mix of focus and raw lust. "Breathe, Guinea Pig. Relax your muscles."

She pushed again, harder this time, sliding deeper until she was most of the way in. You let out a high-pitched whimper, your body trembling as she completely occupied you. The fullness was insane; you could feel her everywhere.

Tachyon remained still for a moment, her hands gripping your hips, her thumbs digging into your flesh as she grounded herself. "Haah... haah..," she panted, staring down at where her body joined with yours.

She began to move, slowly at first, withdrawing almost all the way before thrusting back in with a long, slow stroke. She was testing the limits, savoring the friction, watching your face crumple with every thrust.

"Does it hurt?" she asked, though she didn't stop. She leaned down, bracing one hand next to your head, her face inches from yours. "Or does the chemical cocktail make this feel like heaven? Tell me, Guinea Pig."

"It... feels..." you gasped, throwing your head back as she hit a particularly sensitive spot. "Good... so... big..."

"Good," Tachyon grinned, a flash of teeth. "Then we can pick up the pace I suppose."

She picked up the pace, her hips snapping forward with the powerful, rhythmic grace of a born runner. The table creaked rhythmically beneath you. Every thrust rocked your entire body, the sheer force of her musculature evident in how effortlessly she controlled the motion.

"Look at you," she taunted between thrusts, her voice breathy. " taking all of me. You're practically made for this kind of research, aren't you? Your body is responding perfectly. Every contraction... every twitch... I can feel it all."

She leaned down and bit lightly at your neck, her oversized form engulfing you. "Don't pass out on me yet, Trainer. We have so much data left to collect."

The longer she went on though, the less she was talking about science and data. Her hands, which had been pinning you, were now gripping your thighs with bruising, almost desperate strength. She withdrew almost completely, the friction dragging a moan from your throat, before slamming back inside, burying herself to the hilt.

"Guh—!" Your head thrashed against the hard surface, your mouth falling open. You couldn't even form words. The drug had turned your brain into a static screen, and the only signal coming through was the overwhelming, mind-numbing pleasure of Tachyon stretching you out.

"Look at you," Tachyon growled, looking down. Her hair was messy, bobbing wildly with her movements. "You're a mess, Trainer."

She was right. You felt a line of saliva escape the corner of your mouth, trickling down your cheek, but you couldn't bring yourself to care. Your legs twitched uncontrollably with every impact, your toes curling and uncurling. You were utterly undone, a drooling, trembling heap completely at the mercy of your own trainee.

"So good..." you managed to slur out, your eyes rolling back as she hit that sweet spot again, harder.

"Ah? You like it when I do that hm?" Tachyon gritted out, doing it again. She leaned lower, her sweat-dampened bangs brushing your forehead. "It feels... good... for me too. You're wrapping around me so tight... it's cute."

She drove into you again, a ragged moan escaping her lips. It was a sound you'd never heard from her before—not the triumphant laugh of a scientist making a breakthrough, but the raw sound of a someone losing control.

Through the haze, a surge of affection welled up in your chest. It was the drug, surely, amplifying everything, but it was also... real. You looked up at her—this terrifying, brilliant, eccentric umamusume who usually looked at you like a petri dish—and all you wanted was to be

closer.

You uncurled your hands from the edge of the table. Your arms felt heavy, like lead weights, but you lifted them, reaching out blindly towards her. Your fingers brushed against her lab coat, pawing at her chest.

Tachyon paused, just for a fraction of a second, her rhythm faltering. She looked down at your grasping hands, confused. "What? What is it? Is something—"

"Tachyon..." you whined, the sound dripping with neediness. You made a grabbing motion, your eyes slanted and glassy. "Tachyon... c'mere..."

Tachyon blinked, her face flushing a darker shade of red. "A... a hug? In the middle of—?"

"Please..." you mumbled, smiling goofily, your heart feeling like it was going to burst. "Love you... Tachyon... love you so much..."

Tachyon froze. Her hips stopped moving entirely, leaving her buried deep inside you. Her mouth opened and closed like a fish, her usual quick wit completely short-circuiting. The sheer honesty of it, delivered by a drugged, drooling, twitching mess of a trainer, seemed to hit her, hard.

"You... you..." she stammered, looking away, her ears flattening against her skull in acute embarrassment. "It's the drug... it's making you delirious, Guinea Pig. You don't know what you're saying."

"Love you," you repeated, more insistent this time, reaching higher, trying to pull her down.

"Haah... Just... stop looking at me like that. It's... unlike you." Defeated by your sheer cuteness, Tachyon mumbled something before lowering herself. She collapsed the distance between you, her massive frame descending until she was hovering just inches above your chest. It was like being covered by a warm, heavy blanket.

You immediately wrapped your arms around her. Or tried to. Her back was so broad that your hands weren't able to reach around to each other, but you held on tight, burying your face in the crook of her neck. She smelled like the the best thing you'd ever smelled.

"You are absolutely hopeless," Tachyon muttered into your ear, though

her voice lacked any real bite.

She started moving again, but the pace was different now. It was deeper, heavier, more intimate. Her arms slid under your back, lifting you off the hard table slightly to crush you against her chest.

"Holding on?" she whispered, her breath hot against your skin.

"Mmhmm," you hummed happily, nuzzling into her neck as she thrust into you.

"Good," she sighed, relaxing into the embrace. She turned her head, pressing a clumsy, shy kiss to your temple. "Because I... I suppose I'm not going anywhere either. Just... hold on tight, Trainer. I want you to remember this, even after the drugs wear off."

End Notes

<https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz>

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